



The Korea Magazine

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Vol. II

NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 11

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PRINTED BY Y. M. C. A. PRESS, SEOUL, CHOSEN

The Subscription Price of The Korea Magazine is Four Yen, or Two Dollars a year, postpaid, to any part of the world. Remittances may be sent by Draft, Money Order, or Personal Check.

Address: THE KOREA MAGAZINE
SEOUL, - - - - KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

From an address made in New York by Mr. Val Fisher, a London Publisher, Member of London Chamber of Commerce, Associate Member American Chamber of Commerce, London.

“British manufacturers who have not a dollar’s worth of merchandise to sell, whose entire plants are employed on Government work, are keeping their advertising continuously before the the public, because while they are perfectly willing to turn their profits over to the Government, while they are perfectly willing for the sake of winning the war to have their factories commandeered and their normal business completely stopped, yet they are not willing to sacrifice their good-will; they are not willing to have their names or their products forgotten.

“And so they continue their advertising, continue building their good-will, so that when the war shall be won there will be an immediate demand for the billions of dollars’ worth of merchandise that their greatly enlarged factories will then turn out.

“The war has taught the manufacturers and business men of Britain that advertising is not only the least expensive way to sell goods, but that it also has the far more important function of BUILDING GOOD-WILL—a good-will whose benefits, especially in critical times, can hardly be measured. British business men have also learned that advertising can be used in time of war to stop the sale of their goods, and at the same time retain and even increase the good-will of the public. In a few cases British corporations have realized when it was too late, and after irrevocable damage was done, that advertising would have saved them.

“These are times of rapid and tremendous change. No man can rest on his laurels. Those who were leaders last year, those who are leaders now in their respective business lines, may be surpassed next year by farseeing, efficient and THOROUGHLY PREPARED competitors who have laid their plans a long way in advance.”

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Editorial Notes.

MORE and more Japan is facing the question of securing an ever-expanding supply of iron ore. That her own mines can in nowise meet the demand is well known. That China has an almost limitless supply of ore, as yet practically undeveloped, is matter of public knowledge. There is now a very rapid development of iron mines in Korea by Japanese capitalists, and smelters and foundries are being newly started or enlarged to an amazing extent. Of course one reason for this, and a very important reason, is the prohibition of export of large quantities of iron and steel products from the United States during the war. And iron and steel Japan must have. If these products cannot be obtained ready-made from America, then steps must be taken with all speed to provide a supply very much nearer home. Then there is the question of price and cost. It is possible to produce pig iron in both Korea and China for approximately thirty yen per ton, and now that it is selling for five hundred yen per ton there is small wonder that men can be found with ample capital for developing mines when there is an assured dividend of from 100 to 200 per cent per annum. Many a Korean with some money to invest has tried questionable mining schemes and afterward awakened to the fact that he had neither money nor mine but this could scarcely happen if the investment were in an even partially developed iron mine. Men in China have preferred putting their money in propositions financed entirely by Chinese but those projects which have had the benefit of both Chinese and Japanese capital have usually proved to be far the most profitable. There is unquestionably room for a very great expansion of the iron and steel industry in the East. And Japanese capital, with government assistance when necessary, will avail itself of the unique opportunity for securing handsome legitimate profits.

THE last twenty years has witnessed a very great advance in manufacturing interests in Japan, and not least among her factories are those producing cotton and woolen yarns and cloths. For supplying these factories it is necessary to import almost all the raw materials. This has proved profitable in the past, but now most of the markets for raw materials are closed, and it will be necessary to develop nearer markets, or produce the raw materials in Japan itself. The latter plan is not feasible, so Korea, Manchuria and China must become more than potential sources of supply. Korea has been producing some excellent cotton, but the amount is very limited. Much more land could be devoted to cotton cultivation without endangering the supply of rice demanded both in Korea and Japan. In the matter of wool, Korea has done nothing at all. The sheep industry in Japan is negligible. In just a few years Korea could have and should have tens of thousands of sheep pasturing on her hills. It is a mystery why so little attention has been paid to the raising of sheep in Korea. If in some cases the grass seems not to be suitable, that can be changed by the gradual substitution of other grasses. The winters are not as severe as in some other countries where sheep-raising has been highly profitable. The initiative should not be left entirely to private enterprise, but the government should lend assistance by importing several hundred or better several thousand of the sheep best adapted to this country, and then interest both Korean and Japanese people in raising the sheep, both for wool and for meat. Why bring wool from Australia and China and the United States when it can be produced with less effort and less time and with more profit right here in Korea and Manchuria?

THE ambitious program announced last year when *The New East* was launched in Tokyo with Mr. W. Robertson Scott as editor seemed to be in a fair way to realization as the successive numbers appeared month by month. Certainly there must have been more than a mere quickening of sentiment as a result of the attempt to interpret Japan to western lands, and to bring to Japan a better understanding

of the plans and purposes of western nations, and especially of the British nation. The magazine has been broad in its outlook, the versatile editor has worked hard, advertising patronage seemed to be excellent, and there was a good circulation. We expected the magazine to be a permanent asset, and to be counted on in every effort to promote better relations between eastern and western nations. Great is our surprise and regret therefore when an announcement appears in the October number that with the December number *The New East* will be discontinued. It appears that the financial backers have expressed an unwillingness to supply further capital, and in consequence there is this which we must consider an untimely death. We believe the magazine had a distinct place to fill, and we hope that even yet it may be possible to find those who will appreciate its distinct value and be willing to provide the funds for its continuance, even without the prospect of interest on the investment. In these times of soaring prices it is most difficult for all periodicals to meet expenses, but that is all the more reason why their worth should be recognized and their life underwritten by both advertisers and subscribers.

GOVERNMENT HIGHER COMMON SCHOOL FOR KOREAN BOYS.

This is, in the opinion of the writer, the most important school in Chosen, and the one that influences the people of the country more than any other, public or private.

It is one of three schools of the same grade. The one in Pyeng Yang is for students from North and South Pyeng An, and Whang Hai Provinces, and the one in Taiku for those from North and South Kyung Sang and South Chulla. This Seoul school is the oldest, and of course the leading one. A side light on its popularity is found in the answer given by

the Principal to the question "Do you not require your students to wear uniforms, as other schools do?" He said quietly "This school does not need such advertising, and so we let them economize by wearing ordinary Korean clothing."

The entering class each year numbers 200, and aside from a few who are transferred from the other two schools mentioned above, and an occasional student who has dropped out for a year and re-enters, no new students are received. To one who knows the large net losses in the ordinary Korean school, in spite of receiving students at intervals during the course, the figures of the present enrollment will speak volumes for the popularity of the school. On the last day of September of this year, the enrollment stood as follows :

First Year—198, Second Year—182, Third Year—173, Fourth Year—151. All but one or two of the 151 will surely graduate in March of next year. 123 graduated last March. Sixth months after graduation, every one was either studying in an advanced school, or in a position where he was earning good money.

Of the graduates, 30 showing special fitness for teaching are chosen by the Faculty, and given a year in the Normal Class. They are fed, clothed, housed, and furnished with text-books, and a small amount of spending money. There is also a class of 3 Japanese Middle students taking a Normal Course. They are chosen from Japanese Middle schools, and are given the same treatment and support. I noted that while graduates of the Middle School for Japanese boys in Seoul are eligible for this course, none are taking it, all the students are from Japan Proper. The students in these two courses wear uniforms. This year of training turns out 60 or so qualified teachers each year, but the supply for Government Schools alone is inadequate.

About half the graduates go on to other Government Schools, the Law College, the Agricultural College at Suwon, the Technical College, and the Medical College. The balance go into official positions, mostly in the country magistracies and the Post Office, and commercial openings, many in the banks and large business houses.

Of the entering class, 100 are received without examination, on the recommendation of the various Provincial Governors, who get their information from the Principals of the Government Primary Schools. The number so recommended is very large, and the records of the various candidates are gone over with great care, till finally the fortunate 100 are chosen. The remaining 100 are chosen by a competitive examination held in Seoul at the end of the school year. Last March 1090 took that examination. Many boys try it year after year till they succeed. The requirements for entrance are a diploma from a Government Primary School, or "equivalent education," sound body, and funds enough for the course. Most of the students are from the country, as Seoul boys "if rich, are not inclined to study, and if poor, have to work" as the Dean put it recently.

Fees are very low, 50 sen a month tuition, and 8 sen more for incidentals, which include Athletics and Hair-Cutting! In the latter matter, the school furnishes the tools, and the boys cut one another's hair, an example of economy worth following. Board and room costs about ¥10.00 per month. There are no dormitories (except for the two groups mentioned above) and the boys live where they like, mostly in groups of 8 or 10, in private boarding-houses. The teachers visit each place once a month, and if changes are needed, order them, and if they are not made, the place is closed. The weak point in the school is the lack of dormitory supervision, and this is admitted by the school authorities themselves.

The location is ideal, if a school is to be inside a city at all. The school property is on the higher ground in the North part of Seoul, and while it lacks a field for base-ball, it has a splendid drill-ground, and a complete set of buildings, most of them newly built for the school. The practical work in agriculture is done in another part of the North Palace. A better example of what can be done by school-boys under the right supervision, cannot be found anywhere.

The student has his choice of Agriculture and Business, as two courses. Three-fourths take the former, probably be-

cause they are from the country. Many of them are going on to the Agricultural college after they graduate here. Also, I have a suspicion that the business course requires more study, and certainly the labor of digging for a couple of hours in a fine garden plot, with plenty of good company, appeals to the ordinary boy more than does the grind of the school-room. A student can apply to change from one course to the other, and if his reasons are good, it will be allowed.

Aside from this, the course is the same for all. Ethics, History, Geography, National Language, Korean Grammar, Chinese Characters, something of all the Natural Sciences, Arithmetic (including the use of the Abacus), Writing, Drawing, Algebra and Geometry, Singing, Manual Training and Calisthenics. Candor compels one to say that boys of 12 years and over do not *master* all this in 4 years, particularly as for many of them the fact that all the work is done in the National Language is a handicap. The teachers told me that the attainments of the Japanese Middle School graduates in the Normal course were far above those of the Korean boys, so that the Teachers' course is very different for the two groups. But this is the course that admits to the Colleges in Chosen, and the brighter boys of course get most of it. In any case, it is all that is required by the Government, and doubtless it is, taking things as they are, the best course possible for the bulk of the Korean boys to-day. English is given in each grade as an optional, but is taken by comparatively few. They cover a simple course, that is a foundation for further study, but by itself, cannot amount to much.

The equipment is lavish, particularly the supply of apparatus, and specimens for science. A taxidermist gives his whole time, helped by several assistants, to preparing and caring for such a collection of stuffed animals and other Natural History specimens as many Colleges in the U. S. A. cannot boast. Manual Training is required in the first 2 years, and the work is thorough, and well adapted to Korean conditions, particularly that in wood and wire. The boys seem to enjoy it thoroughly, and show great skill. In addition to the Normal Classes, there is a Primary School attached to the

Higher Common School, for the purpose of giving practice in class-room work and discipline. The staff of the combined schools numbers 41 teachers, beside an office force of 4 others, and various employes. Of the ¥75,000 annual expense, two-thirds is for salaries. Eight of the teachers are Koreans, they teach the Chinese Character and the National Language (Japanese).

The largest other single item is the support of the 60 Normal Students, and with this deducted, the budget shows about ¥11,000 for all running expenses aside from salaries, which is really economical, though this amount alone makes the whole appropriations of some Mission Schools look small.

The Government-General finances the whole directly.

E. W. KOONS.

FURTHER OUTLINE OF THIS SERIES.

Higher Common Schools (private) for Korean Boys.

” ” ” Public and Private for Korean Girls.
Middle Schools for Japanese Boys. Higher School for Japanese Girls.

Colleges—Medical, Law, Technical (all Government Schools, for Koreans and Japanese)

Private Colleges (Severance Medical College, Chosen Christian College, College for Japanese)

KOREAN PAPER

Korea has not only excelled in the making of porcelain and cement, but also in the making of paper. This manufacture she developed at a very early stage in her history, and became specially known thereby throughout east Asia. China who always assumed the high and mighty part of the suzerain toward her smaller eastern neighbour, had to acknowledge that Korea was more than her match in this art that has to do with the gentleman and scholar.

Looking through the old records we come on many notes that refer especially to the variety made from the inner bark of the “mulberry” (*Broussonettia Kazinoki*).

The Moon-hun Pi-go (文獻備考) says, "Dwarf mulberries grow in the south and among the islands of the sea. Paper made from the bark is very white and smooth."

Sung Hyun (成俔) (1439-1504 A. D.) remarks "Paper-making in our country includes many varieties, some made of straw, some from willow wood, some from willow leaves, some from the fibre of Job's tears, some from hemp stalks, and some from the mulberry. All these varieties are very fine. At this time, however, most of it is made from straw, hemp stalks and willow wood."

"Kim An Kook (金安國) (1478-1543 A. D.) used to gather seaweed and make paper of it, a choice and finished product, though it cost much less labour than other varieties. His desire was to make this kind of paper generally known and so he advertised it abroad and wrote poems about it."

The Kook-cho In-mool-chi (國朝人物志) reads, "A man named Yoon Hyun (尹鉉) who graduated in 1537, while Minister of Finance, gathered together all the old straw mats, straw rugs, etc., that he could find, and piled them up in his storehouses. People laughed at him and wondered what he meant to do with this collection of rubbish. Later he had it all sent to the paper manufactory and made into paper of a very fine quality."

We are told that in the far north where the mulberry does not grow, they make paper of oat-straw, a yellow variety, called *whang-ma-ji* (黃麻紙). This has become of general use in official circles as well as among the common people.

King Se-jong, who came to the throne in 1419, set up a Paper Office and made the Department responsible for all paper required by the Government, especially that used in the Imperial service. They made the paper from the various materials mentioned by Sung-Hyun, straw, willow wood, willow leaves, seaweed and mulberry bark.

Chinese opinions regarding Korean paper are interesting to note. In the Hai-tong Sok-sa (海東續史) these are recorded, some few of which we mention. "The paper of Korea is of a superior quality, very white, tough and smooth. Our

Chinese paper has been but poorly developed and so we have had to depend on other countries for our supply, on Korea especially. In the poems of the Tang Kingdom (618-905 A. D.) we find many references to Korean paper." It was even then reckoned the best and finest of all. A thousand years before the first patent was taken out in England for its manufacture (1665 A. D.) it was known to Korea, and such high skill developed in its making that it won the admiration of the great kingdom of kingdoms the Tangs.

We are informed that in the imperial archives the finest models of penmanship, the noted writings of kings and princes, the masterpieces of Han, the Three Kingdoms (220 A. D.), the Six States (439 A. D.), the Soo Kingdom (600 A. D.) and the Tangs were all preserved on Korean paper.

The Chinese in their astonishment over its excellent quality undertook to make a microscopic examination and see what it was made of. The wise among them decided that it was made as silk from the cocoon. For many years this idea was current—made from the thread of the silk-worm. It is rather interesting to think that Korea was able to befool the Chinaman for five hundred years in something that his hands could handle and his eyes could see. We are doubtless safe in saying that no other people in the world have ever done it before or since.

The great emperor Kang-heui who seems to have discovered the mistake says, "In days gone by we were told that Korean paper was made of the silk of the cocoon, but now we find that we were mistaken and that it is made of the bark of the paper-mulberry. The skill with which it is manufactured surely surpasses everything. I tried a piece of it by fire and discovered that it was made of the bark of a tree, not of silk thread. Inquiring of the Korean envoy as to how they made it he told me that it was made of the bark of the *tak tree*, the white part of the bark alone being used. Tough, smooth and soft, it glistens as though made of the finest windings of the silk-worm."

The writer has never seen it made, much he regrets it, but his friend Kim who watched the process as a little boy

gives the following account: "The 'paper mulberry' grows best in the south where it escapes the severe frost. There you find it growing abundantly, planted on the hills and other waste lands. The annual growth, six feet or so, is gathered when autumn comes and the stalks as big as walking-sticks, are bound in bundles like rice-sheaves. A number of these may again be bound together wrapped about with matting in preparation for being thoroughly steamed.

"The next step is to dig a hole in the ground of about one *kan*, or eight feet square, and six feet deep. This is filled with large logs of wood, an opening being prepared below by which to feed the fire. On the top of this wood, stones are piled up, care being taken to see that none of them are of the splitting, exploding kind.

"Then the fire is kindled and as the logs settle down and disappear the stones settle down as well. Old mats are thrown upon the fiery mass with earth hurriedly piled on top, covering the stones completely except the part in the centre reserved for the steaming.

"The bundles tied as tightly as possible together are placed on end in the open centre down firm against the heated stones while earth is piled all round close about them.

"A foot or so from the bundle of stalks holes are hastily dug round about in the new earth and water poured in, the holes being stopped up instantly. As it sizzles and roars down among the burning stones the steam that generates is forced up through the mulberry sticks fiery hot and in great quantity.

"When the boiling sound in response to the pouring in of the water ceases the process is complete. The sticks are then hastily removed and the bark stripped off. After the thorough steaming it comes away with perfect ease.

"The next step is to strip the dark outer bark from the inner. This is done by sprinkling first and then stripping off by hand. The white inner bark is then boiled in lye made from the ashes of buckwheat straw until it is perfectly macerated and falls apart easily.

"It is then taken out, washed, and placed on a flat rock, to

drain off and dry, and when thoroughly dried is beaten with a switch till it works up soft like cotton wool.

"The next step is to subject it to a soaking in a vat of water mixed with powdered soapstone. The soft finish and velvet edge of Korean paper is given by this process; without it its shining face would be left hard and uninteresting.

"The root of a plant called *tak-p'ool* (*Hibiscus manihot. L.*) is then taken and beaten up slightly in a mortar. Hot water is poured upon it and it is well kneaded by trampling with the bare feet. The water from this root is very carefully strained off and a set amount mixed into the vat where the pulp goes through its final process. It is stirred and stirred so as to insure its being evenly mixed. Without this admixture of hibiscus glue the paper would not hold together.

"Next, the paper-maker brings his light filter-frame made according to the size of the sheets of paper. It has a narrow border of an inch or so, with a very fine bamboo screen for bottom. He dips this into the vat and takes up the required quantity of watery mixture which he shuffles backwards and forwards till the water has slowly percolated through the sieve. He then turns it over on a prepared stand where it strips off clean and lies flat. He places a straw at the corner to serve as a dividing medium between this and the next layer that follows. Thus the process goes on till he has built up a pile of pulp layers two feet high and more. This is taken to a place in the sun or a warm room where they are peeled off separately to dry.

"Naturally each curls up and dries uneven, so several sheets are taken together and given final treatment by a pulp hammer with the iron face.

"This hammer has two arms that extend back from the fulcrum and being exceedingly heavy requires the weight of three or four men on each arm to keep the hammer pounding. The paper is not placed in a hollow mortar but on a flat rock so that it catches evenly the heavy strokes of the hammer face. The object is to beat it out perfectly flat and smooth."

This gives in outline, according to Mr. Kim, the process by which Korea makes her world-renowned paper.

PLACES OF INTEREST ABOUT SEOUL.

(EXTRAMURAL NAM-SAN)

Seoul affords abundance of walks, all well within the compass of a smart two hours or so. North, south, east and west they beckon to the old dog who keeps his kennel, to the frog who croaks within his hole and to the fusty office-hand who never, in the whole year's round, sniffs the greenwood or knows anything of nature's moods or autumn's tints.

Here is one for example: Take the Kogane Machi car till you come opposite to the eastern slope of Nam-san. Alight and go directly south into the valley of the *Chang-ch'oong Tan* (Altar to the Praise of Loyalty) and there stop for a moment and think. This was General Min Yung-whan's "Arlington" once on a time. The stone that commemorates the brave deeds of the Korean soldier stands on the east side of the valley, while on the west side are the houses of worship and the Assembly Hall with two large *keyaki* trees in front.

The stone reads, on the face, "His Majesty's Writing-*Chang-ch'oong Tan*." On the back, "Our Gracious Majesty, gifted with the wisdom of the Sage, and favoured by high fortune, has established, firm as the hills, his hold upon the land. But frosts and snows of evil fortune break, and times succeed when even heaven's high footsteps halt and fail. Thus was it in the fated years *kap-o, eul mi* (1894, 1895 Tonghaks) when many of the brave among our soldiers died.

"Alas, these heroes feared neither frost nor snow, and their fair names shine out to-day as sun and stars. The fragrance of their loyalty will ascend forever and be recorded on the 'silk and bamboo' sheets of history.

"Therefore His Gracious Majesty thinking how best to honour these, issued a tear-stained order to erect this altar, set up this stone, and build this tablet-house, where every spring and autumn, sacrifice could be offered and honour paid to their enduring fame. No such royal favour was ever be-

fore shown or such honour bestowed. May it arouse anew the spirit of the brave. Beautiful and fair it is! Beautiful and fair!

“Recorded and written by

Min Yung-whan

Protector of the State, Lieut-General, etc.”

“1900, 11th Moon.”

A new road running through this wooded valley leads up to the broken wall directly east of the left peak of Nam-san. This road, though not yet finished, offers a delightful walk through the pines and alongside of a washerwoman's gorge where the patter of a hundred laundry-sticks breaks the quiet of the pine woods.

On reaching the exit, take the road immediately to your right keeping along the city wall on the outside up the steep hill. As the path is quite clearly defined, and there are no very steep parts, any fairly good walker can easily take it.

A few minutes' climb brings you to the great rocks that shelter a beautiful spring of water on the top of South Mountain. Here you may quench your thirst from a source undefiled by the madding crowd. Alone with the spirits that haunt this wooded peak it trickles forth from the rocks, just as the springs from Olympus did when the nymphs and naiads lived.

A short step to the south-west brings you out of the ancient world of myth and fairy-tale into the steaming, roaring, thundering conditions of to-day. An amazing panorama opens to your view. All along the foreground is the wide silver band of the river, with Dooksum, Han-kang, Ryong-san and the intervening hills spread out before you. Under the sunshine of Korea's autumn, it is indeed a Turner's painting unfolded to the passer without money and without price.

Sounds, sights and smells, what are they from this rare outlook? Think of it, the discordant, noisy West has pushed its way even into the eternal quiet of these hills. A distant rattling roar calls attention to the north-bound train winding its snaky length across the steel bridge on the river. A blatant steam whistle tells us that near by some wretched hour or other has ticked itself off on a factory clock.

Far below one's feet the unending rattle of rifles at target-practice disturbs the air. "Pom-pom-pom-pom" is the voice of a machine-gun that has found its way into the haunts of the Hermit. All this noisy brood of Western thought and action has apparently encamped itself within the circle of the sky-line.

A tall chimney at Dooksum to the left, pours forth black smoke as it labours to pump the necessary measure of water into the city. Other chimneys off toward Dragon Mountain (Ryong-san) to the right blurr the landscape with their eructations.

I think it is Mr. Kipling who says he knows where he is by the suggestion of smell better than by any other sense that he possesses. For example he can shut his eyes, take a deep breath and say, "Twenty degrees north and ninety five east, Burma! I smell it." Again a second smell will wing his way for him over thousands of miles and land him among buffalohides, bear-skins, and what not, till he has his geographic 'chapter and verse' down to a nicety.

The writer has no such highly developed sense but he also knows some smells when he meets them. On the top of Nam-san to catch a whiff of that deadly thing the man of the East prepares for his cabbage and lettuce field seemed strange. I looked here and there, I inquired of the coolie-man, "What smell do you reckon that is?"

"I am not aware of any smell, sir." he replies.

"No?"

Had the morgue found its way on to this hill-top or was it simply some private person who had died? On second thought I remembered that it was my old friend the ammonia factory that works for its living outside the Water Gate. This discovery left me quite happy, feeling that there was nothing extraordinary, but that all was as it should be. There happened to be an east wind the day I climbed the hill which explains it.

An extramural trip to Nam-san need have no fear of ammonia however, for a moment later it cleared away leaving the sweetness of the world all the more grateful by way of contrast.

There is a good path down the south slope of the mountain that offers a gently receding view of all the landscape. It leads one finally through the barracks town of Ryong-san out to the electric tram. You take this back to the city while you think over the two hours of delightful view that has passed like a moving picture before your vision.

A FALL REVERIE IN KOREA.

The sultry, wilting days are gone and fall is here !
The air is dry and cool, the sky is blue and clear ;
The sun has lost his heat ; his slanting, balmy rays
Shed their caressing warmth on earth's uplifted face.
The zephyr now released from summer's heated bowers,
Bathes all my being with the fragrance of wild flowers.
The distant hills in fall's resplendent verdure stand,
And seem as if I could just reach them with my hand.
The fields in broad expanse of grain full-ripened lie,
Their richest colours to make glad an artist's eye ;
Their shades of brown and green and golden all combine
To weave a gorgeous rug of nature's own design.

Mosquitoes with their song have left these parts at last ;
The buzzing of the flies and bees is almost past ;
The yellow spiders work their golden webs to stretch,
In haste the moths and gnats that still remain, to catch.
The grasshoppers care-free their skipping all have stopped ;
The songsters of green pools to winter homes have hopped,
And deep are hidden now, next summer to await.
Cicadas only keep their shrill, untiring gait,
Unmindful that their days are numbered, and ere long
The north-west winds will chill their self-contented song.

With sun-ward-lifted arms the poplars vainly pray
That for a season yet his warmth he may stay ;
While heartless sparrows flock to them for play and fun,
And morn and eve they sing loud anthems to the sun.
The tiny dwellings 'neath house roofs are lone and still,
Where swallows tried so hard their fledgelings' mouths to fill.

The coming journey now they're planning with their brood
To climes of constant spring and of abundant food.

My cozy library our garden overlooks,
Where, weary from long hours of poring over books,
I work 'midst plants and trees, and all the brain-fag flies.
Now, blending lovely hues, fruit luscious meets my eyes—
Grapes purple, blushing plums, red apples, golden pears—
Earth's gifts delectable she generously bears.

Last night sleep would not come; so resting in my chair
I mused, while gazing down upon our village fair.
The moon on house and street was pouring silvery light;
No human clamour broke the stillness of the night;
Ev'n *sool*-filled men had stopped their usual wordy battle,
And tireless ironing sticks were resting from their rattle.
The crickets softly sang; the fragrance-laden breeze
Was gently whispering to still and sleepy trees.
From yonder came the bark of some lone, sleepless dog,
And now and then the crow of an awakened cock.
Thus nature's calm repose and beauty did impart
Sweet restfulness and trust and peace into my heart.

But while I mused and things were fading all around,
Methought I heard of guns the distant, booming sound;
Of battles fierce wild shrieks, of wounded mortal groans.
I dimly saw black walls and broken, scattered stones
Where just a while ago men lived in happy homes,
And schools were thronged with youth, and churches raised
their domes.

I saw shell-pitted fields that once gave man his food,
And charred, bomb-riven stumps where lovely woods had
stood.

Another vision came—a long, pathetic file
Of beings smitten by a fury mad and vile:
Wild-eyed old men, crazed maids, pale mothers stunned with
pain,
Maimed children, men and boys forced into slavery's chain.
In anguish of my soul to God arose my prayer,—
"O Thou, who all men's sins Thy Son didst send to bear,

Make strife to cease and peace on earth again to reign ;
 Give comfort, and of tears wipe every bitter stain.
 Cause now from blood soaked fields and ashes of the towns
 Faith, hope, and love to grow, and martyrs' jeweled crowns
 To be laid up not just for those who gave their lives,
 But also for the maimed, for mothers, babes, and wives.
 And may this world, in pride and strife self-crucified,
 In truth the reason learn why Christ on Calv'ry died."

A. A. PIETERS.

THE KOREAN LANGUAGE.

(A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH)

Here is a paragraph from the *Mai-il Shin-po* that students of the language may gather some words or forms of expression from. A careful study of a modern newspaper's way of expressing itself can be of great profit. Students would do well to take the *Mai-il Shin-po* and read every day very carefully and exactly some small portion. It is practically of no use to skim over a lot of the paper, but of great use to read a small part well.

This paragraph taken from the issue of Oct. 15th runs as follows :

1—**리전훈지다섯히동안** (During the five years since the war began) 2—**독일의편에서** (on the side of the Germans) 3—**어지간히강훈형세를직혀서** (they have managed to preserve a strong front) 4—**수면덕국에싸인중에** (so that amid enemies on all sides) 5—**원세상의오분지스나덕국으로터하고** (Germany has stood a match for about four-fifths of the whole world against her) 6—**홍삼전장의형세는조기의편에유리하게 계속하야왔지만은** (and on the battle field has never failed to hold a formation to her own advantage down to the present time) 7—**원테덕국편은** (but her enemy originally) 8—**크고 만코** (was greater and more abundant in resource) 9—**조기편은덕국속에드러안져서** (while she is surrounded by them) 10—**물화의공급에비상히곤궁흔뿐아나라** (Her required sup-

plies too, are not only exceptionally short) 11—다른물품은수면신교하야뒤신쓰는것도모든들고 (but she has had to labour on all sides to make something else serve in their place) 12—쓰는될수잇는뒤까지는절용을하야 (and to the last limit of her power has economized) 13—간신히년정을계속한다 (so that if possible she may carry on her part.)

No. 1 shows how the character shortens up the sentence. Instead of saying 란리시작흔지

No. 2 All readers probably know we say that the old name Tuk-gook (德國) for Germany came from China; while the name Tok-il (獨逸) is the Japanese rendering of Deutsch in Deutschland.

No. 4 The expression 싸힌중에 *surrounded by, encompassed by* is worth noting.

No. 5 The form 뒤하야 has become of very general use in late years. It comes from the Japanese expression *tai-shi-te*.

No. 6 Read this phrase carefully and see if you know the meaning of all the words in it. See also if you know how to use them. A word is not the student's very own till he can use it freely in its proper place.

No. 7 What is the meaning of 원례 and what does it come from?

No. 10 The words and expressions used here are all of ancient Korean use that have come down till today.

No. 11 The word 물품 used to have a slightly different meaning, now it has come to be a synonym of 물건

J. S. GALE.

ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS—III.

(THE TWIN PILLAR TOMB).

An order from the Governor of South Pyung-an Province to the Magistrate at Ryong-gang (龍岡) will open for you one of the most wonderful chambers of antiquity that the world possesses, namely the *Ssang-yung Ch'ong* (雙楹塚) or Twin Pillar Tomb.

It is situated only fifteen minutes walk north-west of Shinchido Station on the Chinnampo Line. A few years ago it was but a low dishevelled mound; today with the imprint of the archaeologist's hand upon it, it has become a well-ordered survival of an exceedingly interesting age.

In the Government's *Album of Ancient Korean Remains* this tomb occupies Nos. 538 to 581 of the illustrations.

Through the kindness of the Government you have your permit, the low gate is unlocked to let you in, and you step down into a passage about 12 feet long, 5 feet wide and 7 feet high.

On its walls are pictures, not of the Chinese willow-pattern order, but pictures evidently of the times then present, men, women, horses, oxen, etc.

On the east wall is a canopied cart drawn by a bullock. Under its outer covering, peak-roofed in shape, and hung about with lanterns, is a yellow topped palanquin. The bull, fully accoutred, is harnessed into the shafts with the driver on his back. A woman in a full pleated old-fashioned English skirt walks behind.

A warrior with a pike in hand, and dressed in full armour, rides a horse equally coated in mail, showing only his head, his tail, and the tips of his hoofs.

Here we have a picture of the ancient days of Kokuryu, of which so little is told in history, 500 A. D. or thereabouts, when our wild Saxon forefathers were landing in Britannia and Vortegern and Rowena were plighting their troth together.

On the same wall are three stately ladies with caps of white bands, close fitting dresses, jackets and full knife-pleated skirts. A touch of rouge still remains on each long-forgotten cheek. They seem still to live, however, for a rather soft-looking individual of the male sex droops his eyes before their steady gaze.

On the west wall we see a gallant horseman, his quiver on his back and two feathers in his cap riding forth, his reins in one hand and a banner in the other. The equestrian gear

of those days would seem to prove that the Kokuryuans were a highly developed people. Here, too, we have a knight on foot, a handsome gentleman with jacket much as the ladies wear though bound more tightly about the waist.

Between the long passage and the first chamber is a small entrance about 3 feet by 4, with *yuk-sa* or demon guards painted on the walls. In the dim shadows of this underworld you can see their rolling eye-balls flash lightning from their sockets as you go by.

As you enter the first or outer chamber you are in view of the octagonal pillars, that give the tomb its name. They stand between the two chambers, the outer and the inner, and are about 15 inches in diameter and 7 feet high. They each have an artistically cut capital and base, are red in colour, and are coiled about by a yellow scaly dragon.

On the south wall of the front chamber, in the narrow portions east and west of the entrance, are pictures of women dressed much as those seen on the passage walls.

Apart from the real pillars, that stand in full view, there are the likenesses of pillars with open capitals painted at each corner. The east and west walls of this room have the *Dragon* and *Tiger* of Chinese philosophy painted large, the one a huge coiled monster with scaly tentacles, the other with great claws and wide projecting feet. The wall is slightly damaged on each side and so a part of each picture is lost.

On the ceiling are many ornamental designs with the lotus-blossom in the centre.

Passing between the pillars we now come to the inner chamber which is about $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 9, and about the same in height. Imitation pillars are painted at the corners as well. The *Red Bird* appears in the south wall above the door walking like Daniel's companions unhurt amid the flames. Other decorations are made up of the Seven Stars that are supposed to circle round Sang-je's Throne, the T'ai-geuk or origin, not only of the Two Principles, the *yang* and the *yin*, but of all material things. There are, besides, on the ceiling, the three-legged crow that sits in the sun, and the squatty toad that occupies the moon.

On the east wall of the inner chamber go a procession of women, some in pleated skirts and some in spotted dresses, jacket and skirt, red and black, and black and red. In the midst of these, walks a Buddhist priest very elaborately arrayed in cassock and stole. He carries something in his hand while before him goes a woman with a flaming candle on her head.

It was in 372 A. D. that Buddhism first entered Kokuryu, and 427 A. D. that Kokuryu removed her capital from beyond the Yalu to the neighbourhood of Pyengyang. Already Buddhism had had time to obtain a firm hold upon the state. Amid the Chinese philosophic symbols that touch every nook and corner of these chambers walks the Buddha, all serene. It is a picture of the moderation that obtained in the religious world of those days. "Live and let live" seems to have been Asia's motto, in contrast to Europe's, which said, "Think my way or die."

The west wall of the inner chamber is so marred and blurred that it is impossible of any interpretation; but the north wall is clear to the eye and most interesting. Here sit His Majesty and Her Highness in a special pavilion under a wide and highly decorated canopy. Tongues of fire flash up just over the pavilion back of the royal seat.

The King, as undoubtedly he is, has a horsehair cap on his head and wears a red robe. His queen likewise is in red, and so they sit in state while the world walks in fear, or bows at their feet.

To the left of their pavilion there seems to be a pair of dragons but whether they are holding a friendly conference, or in mortal combat one cannot say.

A yellow matted walk leads up to the king's seat while his discarded boots have a prominent place on each side. The king's face is kindly and handsome and like the Buddha his ears are large to hear the voices of his people.

Who was this king? Chang-soo (長壽), who removed his capital from beyond the Yalu to Pyengyang, reigned 79 years and died at the great age of 98. Had he been pictured

on the wall we should have expected an old man with a white beard, but here we have a young man or one of middle age. The chances are that it was king Moon-ja (文咨) or An-jang (安藏).

In Moon-ja's reign of 28 years I find that on 33 different occasions he sent envoys to the states of China, Yang, Wi and Che (梁魏齊), and that envoys came from them to Kokuryu as well. They were evidently in close touch with the centre of Eastern civilization which would account for the skill displayed and the rich character of the decorations.

Moon-ja died in 519 A. D. In 502 A. D. Silla to the south, decided to do away with the burial of the living with the dead, which custom prevailed in Kokuryu as well. If we mark this tomb 519 A. D. we shall be in accord with the king's living in Pyengyang and with the custom of burial-alive then prevailing. We can imagine red-cheeked maidens like those pictured on the walls with pleated skirts and spotted dresses being locked away forever in these chambers of the dead. A handsome stone coffin points to the place where the king slept.

For want of space I give only the merest outline of the wonders that pertain to this tomb. If one were to take into consideration its architecture, the symbolic meaning of its decorations, its relation to contemporary art in China and its full meaning as to the actual life and conditions prevailing in Kokuryu, a book could be written.

We leave to some better hand to step off the station at Shinchido, study its hidden mysteries, and make them known to the world.

HIGH-BORN PRINCE AND WORTHY GIRLS.

FROM THE KEUI-MOON CHONG-WHA (紀聞叢話).

NOTE: - Oo account of his faithful service during the trying days of the Hideyoshi Invasion, Ye Kwang-jung was made Prince Yun-wun, or Duke Yun-wun as would be said in England. He went as envoy to the Mings in 1602 A.D. and by his upright character and high attainments won great respect of the Chinaman. — EDITORS.

Yi Kwang-jung, while magistrate of Yang-joo County, had a falcon and a keeper who used to hunt with him. One day this hunter went out in search of game, but did not return till the next morning. He had hurt his foot it seems, and came limping home. Seeing this, the master asked what had befallen him. He laughed, as he replied, "Yesterday when I let the falcon loose after a pheasant he missed it and let it go. After searching right and left, in vain, he finally alighted on a tree in front of the Deputy Magistrate, Yi's house. With much difficulty I finally induced him to come back to me and perch on my arm and then turned to make my way home. Suddenly I heard voices from within the garden enclosure talking in a very lively manner and I glanced through the paling to see what it was about. There I beheld five strong, husky girls swinging along the hill-side hand in hand. I was filled with fear as I looked upon them, afraid lest they might pounce out upon me, and so I ran for my life and in doing so fell and hurt my foot.

"It was then late in the day and growing dark. On second thought, I wondered who they were, and what they were about, and resolved to hide behind the fence in the long weeds and hear what they had to say. They were talking together and one said, 'We are quite alone here, let's play at county magistrate.' 'Delighted!' answered the others.

"The tallest among them, about thirty years of age, I should think, then took her seat on a rock with her sisters just before her. One she named the Deputy-Magistrate, one the Secretary of Justice, one the Public Crier and one the Constable-Runner.

"She, the Magistrate, then issued the following order, 'Arrest the Deputy and bring her here.'

"The Secretary of Justice called to the Crier, and gave the order that the Deputy be arrested. The Crier shouted to the Runner to carry out this command at once. The Runner made off at full speed and in a trice had the Deputy arrested and brought. She knelt humbly before the Judge, when the Magistrate, in a loud voice gave forth the charge thus, 'Marriage is one of the first laws of society, and yet your youngest

daughter, we take note, is past the marriageable age and not married. What shall we say as to her older sisters? How comes it that you have disregarded this law of nature in such a shameful way and left your children unmarried? Surely you deserve to die.'

"The Deputy bowed low with her face to the ground and said, 'How is it possible that your humble servant could be ignorant of this fault? I know it full well, but I'm as poor as carking poverty can make one, and so have no means by which to arrange a marriage.'

"The Magistrate replied, 'Marriage should be carried out according to one's means. All it needs is a pair of quilts and a bowl of water across which to plight one's troth. How dare you say, 'No means.' Such talk is nonsense.'

"The Deputy said, 'Your humble servant's problem is not that of one daughter only, nor even two. How could I ever be expected to find husbands for all these?'

"The Magistrate stopped her at once saying, 'Let me not hear a word of it. If you had any zeal in the matter you'd find them soon enough. I have heard that Deputy Song of such and such a place has a son, and Vice Deputy An of another place, also Deputy Chung, and Vice Kim, and Ch'oi. They all have sons. You could apply for any of these. They are all of your own social class; what reason pray for not taking the necessary steps?'

"The Deputy said, 'I'll do as Your Excellency commands, but I am so poor that they are not likely to respond to any such invitation.'

"The Magistrate went on, 'You ought to be soundly paddled for this sin of yours, but for the present, I'll let you off. Get the matter seen to at once. If you don't you'll be severely dealt with, rest assured.'

"She called the Runner to have the Deputy put out and dismissed.

"The five of them laughed over this scene and with many words and much hilarity dispersed. It was a most amusing

performance. Leaving the place I found an inn where I passed the night and so returned."

Prince Yun-wun, hearing this story laughed likewise and calling the present deputy asked about Yi as to his antecedents, how he was circumstanced, his children, etc.

The deputy replied, "He is the senior deputy of this county, but is as poor as poverty. He has no sons, but five daughters. Because of his being poor his five daughters have all passed the marriageable age without a chance to wed."

Prince Yun-wun on learning this, sent through his secretary, signed by him, a letter asking deputy Yi as to his health, etc. Shortly after Yi appeared at the official headquarters, when Prince Yun-wun remarked, "You were a deputy, I understand, of this county, and know all the points of law. I have wanted to consult with you for some time on important matters, but have had no chance to meet you." He then inquired as to how many sons he had.

The deputy replied, "My luck is surely the worst you have ever heard of, for I have not a single son but only five useless daughters."

"Have you married them off?" inquired Prince Yun-wun. The reply was, "Not a single one of them."

The magistrate again asked, "How old are they?"

He replied, "The youngest of them is past the marriageable age."

Prince Yun-wun then asked the same questions that the daughter who played at magistrate had asked, and the old deputy answered just as the deputy daughter had done.

He then went on, "In such and such a deputy's house there are sons, and in such and such another house . . ." just as the daughter had said at the mock trial.

The deputy's reply was, "I'm so poor that I am sure none of these would consent."

Prince Yun-wun said, "I'll be the go-between and see that your daughters are properly married." And with that he dismissed him.

He then dispatched his secretary to the five officials refer-

red to and had them summoned. "Have you any unmarried sons?" he inquired.

The reply was, "Yes we have."

"Have you not yet decided on their marriage?"

"Not yet," was the answer.

Prince Yun-wun then went on, "I have heard that in such and such a deputy's home there are five daughters, why should you not marry there?"

The five hesitated over this and gave no answer.

The Prince then assumed a severe attitude, "He is a county official, so are you. Your station in life is the exact counterpart of his. Your not wanting to marry is solely on account of his being poor. Shall the poor man's daughters then have no chance to marry at all? I am socially a step higher than you and yet even my good office in this matter seems hardly acceptable to you." He then took out five sheets of paper and had one given to each. "Write, each of you," said he, "the Four Points that constitute a marriage application." His words were stern and full of command.

The five, fearing trouble, knelt humbly before him and said, "We'll do as Your Excellency commands," and so they wrote each his application. The Prince took them in the order of their sons' ages and appointed them to the daughters accordingly.

He then called for drink and refreshments and entertained them bountifully giving to each, as he left, a large roll of grass-cloth, "Have an outer robe made of this," said he. He added, "I'll see to all the expense involved in these weddings so you need have no anxiety on that account."

He had the day chosen at once and in due time the marriages were celebrated.

He sent supplies of cloth, cotton goods, silk, money, and grain in abundance to deputy Yi's house, and on the day of the wedding he himself went and took a most interested part. The screens used, the mats, the awnings were all sent from his official headquarters. Five tables were placed side by side in the wide court where five bridegrooms and five brides bowed toward each other and plighted their troth.

The sightseers were packed like walls on the four sides, and all were most appreciative of the goodness of the Prince. Later many children were born to these five homes who passed their examinations and attained to high rank and responsible office. How much this unexpected favour of Prince Yun-wun had to do with happy homes and joyful faces.

A LETTER OF HONG YANG-HO (洪良浩)

TO

KEUI KYOON (紀昀) LITERATI AND STATESMAN OF CHINA
(1798).

NOTE :—This is an interesting letter of inquiry from the Minister of Literature, Korea, to the great statesman of China, Keui Kyoon. The religious question was ever a live one with this people—EDITORS.

In the last years of Man-yok (1573—1620 A. D.) there came to China Western teachers for the first time, who brought with them a knowledge of astronomy that was very remarkable. Their books and instruments were placed in the office of the Observatory, where they have remained till the present day. The calculations by which they measured the heavens, however, were not superior to the law of Heui-sii and Wha-sii, who are mentioned in the Book of History, nor was their knowledge of the movements of the celestial bodies based on other than the principles of Whang-je. What they taught is but a reflection of what we Confucianists had already known and had always regarded as but the odds and ends of knowledge.

Their worship of God too finds its counterpart in the Confucian service of Sang-je. According to them, however, one Jesus is the Creator of the universe and the Originator of all things. This is a most unreasonable claim, not to say blasphemous. It makes light of life, the fundamental laws of nature, and certainly could not be called a religion for human kind. Right principles are lacking in it, and it cannot even be compared with Buddhism. As to heresy it represents the last limit.

I made a visit once to Peking and went to a Christian church to see it, and there were pictures hanging on the walls which the people worshipped just as Buddhists do the Buddha. Such a meaningless exercise offered no interest to me, but their astronomical instruments are wonderfully and beautifully made, such as few could hope to equal. Yes they were indeed such only as the gods might make.

I hear also that their teaching has spread throughout the world, and that government officers and high ministers of China believe and follow it. Is this so? I understand that when these people speak of the natural elements they do not refer to them as they are spoken of in the Hong-pom, nor do they make use of the Eight Diagrams of Pok-heui-si. What a pity! They talk of twelve divisions of the heavens, and of the circles of the earth, arctic, temperate and equatorial; of the lesser and greater spheres of revolution of the sun, moon, and stars, something that we Confucianists do not understand.

They have come across a wide expanse of ocean, and say that they have definite proofs for what they claim. Under these conditions we can hardly call theirs a heresy that should be hastily cast aside. It appears to me, however, that these things are governed by an infinite law that will not admit of elucidation.

An ignorant man like myself who has never read any of their teachings cannot say whether they are worthy of consideration or not, but Your Excellency has good judgment, has made wide investigation, and will doubtless have already weighed these things carefully in the balance. May I know what you think in regard to them? A history of the West is said to have been brought to China. Have you seen it, and what are the principles and laws that govern its world? The disregard they manifest for life, their lack of fear, their contempt for goods and earthly possession would upset all ordinary conditions of society. I hear that in the times of Yong-nak (1403-1425 A.D.) there was a man called CHUNG WHA who journeyed across the ocean and visited the West. The account of his journey I understand too has been printed. I would like very much to see a copy.

HONG YANG-HO ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

(1724—1802 A.D.)

Since you are dead, twice have the hills been brown
and sear.

The cold frosts have veiled thy face ; the sad winds
have chilled my heart.

But never mind my saddened soul, I have no strength
or force left with me.

The days and months go fleeting by ; earth and heaven
stretch to infinity,

Your little lad has learned to speak, but he knows on-
ly Mother and Grandpapa.

So busy is he at his letters, but I cannot teach him the
word for Father.

As he grows up and asks me what it means, what shall
I tell him ?

Your little boy's voice sounds more and more like
yours. This ought to be a comfort to me.

Your grave rests on the hillside that overlooks the stream.
Twas here you begged me years ago to build. The
house still stands but you are absent. Alone I am,
in my old age.

You doubtless have a place of rest, but my thoughts of
you are ever restless.

Now I am off on a thousand miles of journey where the
distant blue sea murmurs.

Your brothers have come to say farewell, and all the
neighbours ; drink and refreshments abound, but I
have no heart to taste.

I long to go to your grave and weep but I fear to make
your soul feel sad.

I was so happy when you were young, and loved to
write the character and compose verses.

When I dictated you wrote and made my couplets for me.
But now that you are dead I have no heart for verse.

I compose this as a sad farewell but who is there to
write it for me ?

To A. F., MESOPOTAMIA 1917.

(AFTER DE MUSSET).

He walked in arrogance,
 If it be pride, all else above,
 To glory in a mother's love
 Princes might not enhance.

Scant was his courage if
 To champion noisome things be brave,
 Nor falter where the blatant Knave
 Scales the forbidden cliff.

He was not greatly wise,
 If gracious wisdom none may find
 In childhood's frail pale-petall'd mind
 Peering thro' wond'ring eyes.

His hate was unassoiled,
 If love with self bears fettered hands:
 If none but self love's alms commands,
 Himself has he despoiled.

Not his to fling the stone
 That laughter's ripple sets astride
 The waves of care, if mirth divide
 With vice an obscene throne.

No counterfeit largesse,
 Where hunger huddled at the wall,
 Of tears he scattered, but his all
 He lavished to distress.

Piety his awry,
 If holiness by saintly hymns
 Unleavened with such faith as dims
 The Great Recorder's eye.

He is not dead. He sleeps
 Pillowed awhile on God's repose,
 His fingers have let fall the rose,
 But his breast the lily keeps.

PERCY HIPWELL,
 1/5 Queen's Regiment,
 Bangalore, India.

MY SHADOW.

By YI TAL-CH'OONG (DIED 1385 A. D.)

I do dislike the shadow that I have, and try to shake him off, but when I run, he runs. Were I not here, he, too, would cease to be, but as I live he dogs my every step. However much I'd like to cut adrift and have him go, I know no way to bring the wish about. A friend said once, "If you so hate your shadow, sit beneath the shade." But I reply, "You fool. What is a shade if not the very shadow that I hate."

When form appears you'll find the shadow there. When I am gone my form will disappear; where then will this same shadow be, I wonder? I shout it out and ask my shadow "Where?" but not a word of answer does he give. He's like the foolish An who never opened his lips but only listened deep in thought to all the Master said. In every act of life he imitates and does the counterpart except my words.

I wonder if it's because I'm overgiven to talk my shadow does not copy this as well? He gives no answer to my call. I expect it is; for deepest danger lies in words.

The shadow has no need to copy me, but I full sore have need his ways to learn.

FLEETING SPRING.

By YI HON.

(Graduated in the reign of Wun-jong of Koryu 1260-1274 A. D.)

But yesterday the blossoms filled the trees,
 To-day the branches hang wide stripped and bare.
 Thou East Wind, tell me why such ruthless haste,
 That flowers that bloom are jostled on their way?
 Let not the flower be happy o'er its lot,
 Nor over-sad to think it has to fall.
 For though the flower is fallen and passed away,
 The time will come when life revives again.
 Have you not seen within the gilded hall
 How red cheeks fade and smiles are worn away?
 The wise and foolish all alike depart,
 While round graves dot the surface of the land.
 I'll give it up. Let's have a glass that cheers,
 Our sorrow and our tears can naught avail.

A PEONY SONG.

By

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241)

All things are sad because the spring will go, and all unite to bless him on his way. The gossamer web hangs high his awning's shade, and light-shot mists provide the curtain wall. The fallen flowers o'er spread the festal board, like soft-embroidered seats to rest upon. The hanging buds that hold the drops of dew weep tears of sorrow o'er the farewell scene. The 'wine' flower brings us forth new drink to cheer, that butterflies have flavoured over high, but rain-drops fall and soften down its brew. The oriole sings his song to show his love, while swallows skip and do the dancer's part. The god of spring deep drunk falls by the way, and tides the whole procession o'er the night. He asks a maid to share the festal hour, the peach he counts too dissolute to please, the apricot too low and mean, but the sweet maiden peony who steps her forth so young and fair, she'll marry with the god of spring this night. O'ercome with bashful fear her lips refuse to part. The prince enchanted with her love spends three whole days to see her smiles break forth. By night by day the sweet soul of the flowers awaits the hot oncoming of the solstice king. How can we stay the spirit of the morn, who, when he goes, leaves his fair love, so soft of cheek, bedewed with sorrow's tears?

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.

(Continued from the *October* number.)

CHAPTER III.

Peking 1st moon, 1st day (1713 A. D.) Weather bright and clear.

At the fifth watch word came from the city yamen summoning all hands to make ready to enter the Palace. I was eating my breakfast when the official interpreter came to ask that

we hurry as the hour was late. My brother set out straightway and I too put on my official robe and followed, but the way was barred against us, the gates being still closed. Outside, soldiers were on guard and so we called to them through the chink of the gate to open, but they refused. The soldiers required *baksheesh* first. We gave a fan to each of them and soon the gates were opened. Already the road was lined with passers whose procession seemed endless. Many were going by palanquin with lighted lanterns carried before them. There was evidently a great audience on hand. Our man, who carried a lantern before us, missed the way and passed the opening that led to the main gate of the Forbidden City. We finally reached the office of Ceremony and he then recognized that he had gone wrong. On this we returned, but our light went out and left us in total darkness. Fortunately a stranger coming by carrying a lantern led us out to the main roadway. Finally we reached the main gate on the east side of the great square before the Palace. It was packed with horses and men, of a number impossible to estimate. Lantern-bearers in an endless procession were going and coming. I dismounted, followed by my servant, and having gone a hundred paces or so crossed a stone bridge. On the south of the bridge to right and left were carved pillars marked 'Proppers up of Heaven.' It was still so dark that I could not distinctly make out their forms but they seemed to me to be at least twenty five feet high.

Passing the bridge we entered a gate called 'Divine Peace.' The gates were the same in number as the bridges and were about thirty paces in depth.

My brother had sent a servant to find me and so we passed by another gate through the inner wall called the Tan Moon. I here entered a wide court and found the envoys and secretaries seated on the west side where I finally made my way and took my stand behind my brother. On the two sides of the court the civil and military were ranged up in numbers impossible to compute. Lanterns came and lanterns went above each of which was recorded the special rank of the holder.

Every man kept his appointed place and no sound of confusion attended this vast assemblage.

Our interpreters who sat near us served tea to the envoys and also passed a large bottle of camel-milk preparation. The envoys did not like this but I, having heard of it before, tasted it and indulged in a couple of glasses.

After a long wait the eastern sky began to lighten. Bells rang out from the high gate-tower in countless peals. On this signal the officials arose and stood while the Emperor came out and offered incense in the tablet-hall.

At this point the soldiers pushed each and everyone out of the west gate unless he had a special permit. I too had to go and so found a place in the outer court and sat down upon the ground.

A crowd of Manchoos circled about me making a horrible uproar, with no possibility of my understanding a single word of what they were talking about. They pressed around me and said, "Si ma kwan?" which means I suppose What's your rank? Some held a light and peered into my face in a most impudent way.

A moment later the Emperor set out on procession and the gates were again opened. I pushed in and asked as to the manner of the Imperial outgoing. They told me that he had taken his departure in the darkness with horses and soldiers about him but only two lanterns to dimly light the way. Nothing could be seen. The interpreters said that when he came back there would be no need for me to retire, but that I could put on a black coat, mix with the crowd and stay. According to this suggestion I took off my outer robe and sat down behind my brother. Again, however, I was about to be ordered off by one of the overseers of the guard, when the chief interpreter gave me a felt-hat instead of my own to put on my head. By this means I escaped detection. Very funny it seemed!

There were about thirty drummers and buglers in all arranged along each side of the road by which the Emperor was to come. They were dressed in red coats with a dash of yellow across them. Their head-gear was of felt crowned

with a red tassel, and above the red tassel a yellow feather.

When the day had lighted sufficient to see numbers of the Imperial Guard came in by way of the Tan Gate. Those in advance carried long-handled umbrellas and those behind dragon-flags. All the flag-bearers rode on horseback each having behind him a company of soldiers. I could not well make out the number as they were too far off. When the flag-bearers appeared, drums sounded and bugles began to blow. So loud were they that they fairly shook the earth. Music burst forth, now high in key, now low, now lengthened out, now fast and furious. The tune they played was very different from anything I had ever heard; it seemed inspired to fill hearers with unbounded terror. When the Imperial palanquin arrived the officials arose, took two or three steps forward and again sat down. A hundred or more horsemen streamed in behind the palanquin; but no order was kept or regularity.

When the palanquin entered by the South Gate the officials retired, east and west into the side porches, while the Chinese interpreters led the way for the envoy into a waiting-room on the west. Outside the main South Gate two yellow covered chariots, with wheels painted red were waiting. the body of these was very large, a *kan* I should think in size. Around each was a railed-in passage sufficient in width for a person to pass by. The whole was bedecked with gold, jade, gems and green ornaments. Fixed to the shafts was a yellow flag, on each side of which a dozen dragons were embroidered. Scarlet lines wound together into a great rope were attached to the axles as a cable is to a ship at sea. By means of these the chariot was drawn. Such was the gilded conveyance in which His Majesty rode. Officers attending marched on each side, while guards went before the elephants that drew them.

Five of these came in by way of the Tan Gate. As I beheld they seemed like huge mounds of earth moving. On each was a gilded howdah with yellow awnings and at the side gilded pillars with ropes fastened that drew the cart. On each elephant's neck just back of the ears sat a *mahout* with an

iron hook in his hand, by means of which he guided the beast. A Manchoo said to me, "Even though the elephant's neck is injured by the hook till the blood flows, by the time the stars come out in the evening it is perfectly healed."

The elephants came as far as the South Gate, then stood waiting three to the right and two to the left. Among them were two specially large ones eight feet high I should think. Their length I imagine to be even greater than the height. The long nose was such that it came down to the ground, while on each side tusks stood out five feet or more. Their eyes were very small, not larger than an ox's, and their lips beneath the trunk were pointed like a bird's bill. Their ears were as large as a winnowing sieve. At times they lifted them up in front or moved them from side to side as they walked. Their skin was of an ashy gray colour; their hair short and the tail diminutive like a rat's tail.

These elephants had their ears and tails wrapped in blue cloth. When it came to hitching up, several men brought in a box on their shoulders that they threw down before the elephants and opened. In it were bridle and other necessary trappings, ornamented with embroideries and gold. Green and red gems were set in them as well, and other decorations as large as a persimmon. With such things was the elephant attired. People ascended and descended from his back but he never moved. When a sheaf of fodder was placed before him he would pick it up with his trunk, roll it inwards and put it into his mouth. Meanwhile the *mahout* kept the people from coming too near. I asked why we could not go closer and he said, "The elephant hates to have people bothering him. If you come too near he may suddenly give a swing with his trunk that will kill you."

The guards and interpreters were all in ceremonial dress. I, too, wore an underling's outfit with a leopard skin vest, which attracted the attention of the Manchoo. I had to put it off at last while I drove away some of those who followed after me, and let others see what I had taken off. To those who asked questions as to who I was, I replied "I'm a *pang-ja* (bastard slave)." A Manchoo, whom we did not know, wrote in

the palm of Dr. Kim Tuk-sam's hand asking the age of the envoy, his rank, also what office I held. I winked to Dr. Kim to make no answer and he at once said, "Poo-ji tao." But they kept at it and persisted till Tuk-sam shouted, "Don't ask me, I don't understand you." He, on the other hand, asked, "What rank are you." They replied, "Small officers with diminutive rank."

The Manchoos usually wear dark clothing so that one cannot distinguish rank or social standing by their dress. Their ceremonial garb, however, included epaulettes, sleeve ornaments and breast marks.

The cap, the belt, and the place of honour indicated the rank to which each belonged. On the top of the cap was a mark that showed the particular degree, a red stone being the highest. Next to that was a green stone, and below that a smaller green stone, and last a crystal bead. Those who had no distinguishing mark were of the lowest rank. When the frame of the belt was of jade stone it also indicated the highest rank. The next was a belt of flowered gold, the next of plain gold, and the next and lowest a belt of ram's horn. The mat indicating the highest rank was of tiger skin with the head and claws on it, the next was a skin without the head and claws, the next a badger's skin, the next a raccoon's, the next a sheep-skin, the next a dog's skin, and the lowest of all was a mat of white felt. The special ornament on the dress of the civil officials, followed the custom of the Mings and was a bird. The undergarments they wore were long and came down to the feet; the sleeves tight, and the flaps wide; while the outer coat came down only to the belt with sleeves to the elbows. They wore also a garment of silk, made of one piece and put on over the head, with no opening in front or behind. This, as well as the outer and inner garments, was of dark material. Among the embroideries seen on the clothing, a four-clawed boa-constrictor indicated the highest rank. The ceremonial robe was worn outside with the belt underneath. All those of civil and military rank above the 4th degree were allowed to wear gems and a breast-plate, but the exact shape of the latter I am not able to give definitely.

This dress as I saw it was not of Chinese origin and yet it served to mark definitely the various ranks and degrees so that there was no misunderstanding or confusion.

We call our country a land of "hats and belts," and mark our rank and office by them, but you could not definitely distinguish our people as we gathered, here, for the 2nd envoy wore an embroidered stork on his coat as well as my brother, and so there was no special emblem to show who was first or who second. Very strange it seemed.

The people of this country are very tall in stature and many of their faces indicate affluence and power. Our people, in comparison, seemed like pigmy dwarfs. The marks of the dust of the long journey were still upon us, and we were all tanned black by the winds except the envoys who had somewhat escaped. It is true we were all dressed in coats and hats but many of them were hired for the occasion. Some of the coats were too long and some were too short. Some of the caps were so big that they came down over the eyes and left the wearer looking anything but like a human being. Alas! alas it was a sight.

Outside of the South Gate in the west of the court was a brick tower with a sun-dial on it. When the *chin* hour came the officials went forth from the waiting porches to the South Gate. Here they knelt down and touched their faces to the ground. This was a salutation made in honour of the Empress Dowager. When they had finished they divided into two lines and went through the side gates that stood to the east and west of the main entrance, the east rank by the Left Gate, and the west rank by the Right Gate. The envoys following the west rank entered also. I went as far as the gate but was stopped, and so do not know just what took place inside. Nevertheless when the South Gate was opened wide I could see in as far as the main gate in the Forbidden City where the Emperor was, also the front pillars of the Palace indistinctly. Immediately after the officials came drummers, buglers, soldiers, and swordsmen who stood at attention along the route that the Emperor was to take. The soldiers kept back the crowds. I went out to a place immediately behind the *Sa-jik*. There

was a wall to the south-west and inside of it a thick grove of arbor-vitae trees, with a yellow tiled house in the midst of them, which was said to be a place of sacrifice. To the north was a wall and above the wall a three-storied watch-tower. The height of it must have been thirty feet or more and the moat around it as many yards across. There were railings of stones protecting each side. Here they had cut holes in the ice and were drawing water so that it must have been very deep. Between the wall and the moat was a road along which many people were passing. I walked along this road till I came to the western corner. Outside of the moat to the west of the Forbidden City were the houses of the people.

While I was walking back and forth along the side of the moat a Manchoo came out of a little house by the corner of the wall and invited me in. There were also two other Manchoos in it who pointed me to a seat on the *kang*. They sat facing a fire and invited me to join them at a cup of tea and some tobacco, most hospitable they were. They inquired too, as to what rank I held, and I answered that I was only a *pang-ja bastard*. On the wall were arms and accoutrements for some ten men or so, bows, swords, etc. It was evidently one of the guard-houses of the Forbidden City. After a little I returned to the place where I had first taken my station but the gates were not open as yet. A great company of vendors of wine and vermicelli crowded about. In a little the gates opened and I entered. The Manchoos were divided into two companies on the east and west sides of the court, and they proceeded to go forth in ranks. There were many who wore the red stone on the top of the cap but as I saw their faces there was nothing remarkable about them. Before the envoys took their departure I went to the west porch outside the Tan Gate where I opened a small door and peeked in. I found it was the front court of the God of the Harvest with a lot of trees growing about it. Over the gate was written, "Left Side of the Sa-jik." Beside it also was the same inscription in the Manchoo character. On all the gates I found the inscriptions thus written in the two languages.

(To be continued)

THE CRIMSON DAWN.

(Continued from the *October* Number).

CHAPTER V.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

Confusion and terror reigned at the house of Ye Chun Sook. From the time he had heard the voice speaking to him in the field until the receipt of the strange letter he had been like a different man, no longer a bully to be feared, but a trembling, faint-hearted weakling. Although the letter from the grave robbers had shocked and horrified him beyond measure he found that as time passed the tension relaxed and his mind regained composure. This at least was something definite and tangible. His first perplexity and anxiety was much augmented by the dread uncertainty as to which of a thousand possible causes might be bringing this unrest to the spirit of his father. Even the sorceress, the *Pansu*, or the *chiquan*, with all their uncanny knowledge of mysterious cults, might not be able to solve the problem without much difficulty and disagreement among themselves. Yes, much better was this catastrophe, dreadful though it was, than that dark uncertainty!

The frequency of this manner of robbery and desecration of graves to gain a ransom, led to very stringent laws with regard to this matter in Korea. It was one of the most serious crimes of the penal code. But, although a capital offence, it was very seldom that any great amount of thought was given to the question of catching the offenders. The great and important thing was to get back as quickly as possible the grewsome, missing treasure. No self respecting man of old Korea would consider his financial loss for a moment when the honor and peace of the family were thus at stake. Robber bands who made this work a specialty were more dreaded and feared than all the many other outlaws in which this country once abounded.

Farmer Ye had been wise and discreet thus far in keeping secret the fact of his large possessions, but the transaction

in connection with the marriage of his grand-daughter was of a kind difficult to conceal for long. It was a much discussed fact that provisions, bags of rice and other grain, were sent regularly to the Kim family. Although Whangsi had been bound over to secrecy concerning the money part of the bargain, it is nevertheless quite true that her desire to gossip and tell of her part in the affair finally overcame her discretion. The bandits were not in the habit of exercising their dangerous calling save when sure of results and so in this case also they had definite and reliable information upon which to base their attack.

After the reading of the threatening letter little else was thought of or discussed in the village that night. Five days remained before the time appointed. What would Ye do? The amount of the demand was exorbitant; could he, would he pay that amount? There were various opinions among the neighbors; some thought that his miserly instincts were so strong and of such long standing that they would rule even here. Others said that old man Ye's fear of the spirits and of their all-seeing eyes was greater even than his love of gold.

The next morning fresh sacrificial food was placed before the tables of the ancestors, while the anxiety and suspense in the hearts of the inmates of the home were visible in the faces of the worshippers at the household shrine. Between periods of wailing and bowing, Ye Chung Sook wandered about the court-yard with aimless feet. Catching sight of Noch Kyung in the *sarang* he entered and sat down.

"Woe, woe is me! What have I done, what dread misdeed is mine that I should be so punished? What shall we do?"

"Quite true, what are you going to do? There are only five days in which to decide and prepare. Every moment is precious." The boy's words were coldly judicious and showed that he had been thinking deeply, while Ye in his frenzy and excitement was taken up with the action of the moment.

"Do? There is nothing to do but to submit to the demands of the rascals! What else could one do?" Now Noch Kyung had little patience with the old man's fetishism,

but when it became a question of reverence of ancestors it was a very different matter. This had turned out to be a matter of much more importance than he had supposed when he first heard the story of the ghostly voice. He prided himself on being a Confucianist, and in this great orthodox belief of the scholar ancestral worship is the chief cornerstone. You may not be a believer in goblins, imps, evil spirits, divination or star influences, but you must, under all conditions, follow the forms and rites of ancestor worship.

"What shall I do?" repeated Ye in a voice of shrill annoyance. The boy knowing very well what would be the action in such a case in his own family gave it as his opinion of what would be the proper thing here.

"Have I not heard you say that the elder of your family clan, your father's oldest brother, lives in Kang Wun Province? Such an important matter concerns the whole family. Is it not of sufficient moment to be taken up in the conclave of the family council? If such a calamity occurred in our Kim clan that would be the first step. This is surely too great a matter for private decision."

This was a very sane and sensible speech for one so young and Ye looked at his son-in-law in pleased surprise. "Very wisely said!" replied he, then sat quietly thinking it over. At last he looked up with something like relief in his worn face.

"I'll start to-day! There are several reasons why it will be well. They may help me raise the money. Perhaps they will counsel catching the thieves. My uncle lives two days' journey from here, that gives me a day for the conference and plenty of time in which to go and come." Having made this decision he hurried to his feet and hustled out to get things moving. There were not many preparations to be made for the journey. The gentle donkey was fitted with his odd looking, high bridge saddle. Being one of the few well trained "bridle wise" animals, he did not need a *mapu* to run along in front and lead him. Mother Ye filled a brass bowl with flaky rice, folded it in a napkin for his lunch and tied it to the back of the saddle.

Much of the mountain road that he was to travel was through wild, unsettled sections known to be infested by robbers, so he was careful to take nothing of value except a few cash to buy his necessary food and night's lodging. It was by no means such a route as one would select for a pleasure trip, but this was a matter of stern duty and Ye was not a coward. In fact he was almost a brave man where visible, tangible enemies were concerned; only when those fearful inhabitants of the dark world of spirits were in question did he quake and tremble.

The noon sun saw him started on his way across the brown hills towards the mountains of Kang Wun Do. That night he slept at a way-side inn and on the evening of the second day neared his old home village of San Kohl with no incident worthy of note to mark the journey. The few houses of this remote hamlet were mostly of the Ye family. From the general air of comfort one would suppose that they were neither rich nor poor, and such indeed was the case. They were middle-class people, farmers who had what they needed to eat with sufficient produce to sell or trade in the market town for cloth and farming implements. The tough little donkey was pretty well spent as he over-topped the last pass and came in sight of the gray, old rambling house, the home of Ye's childhood. But Ye Chang Sook was far from being a man of sentiment, and just then his attention was fully centered on things vastly more important than memories of the past. He dismounted before the deeply thatched gateway, left the faithful mount with trailing bridle and drooping head, opened the ponderous gate and entered the broad court-yard of the homestead.

The elder of the Ye clan was an old man, but hale and hearty still in spite of his eighty storm swept winters. He heard the painful creaking of the gate on its rusty hinges, and peeped out through a hole in the paper covering of the door. Seeing his nephew advancing he shoved back the sliding entrance of the *sarang* and greeted him.

"My son! Have you come in peace? I have not seen you since the family gathering at the harvest festival in the eleventh

moon. Come in, you are welcome home!" With a few words of greeting to his venerable relative Ye entered the homely room and before long was telling his interested, sympathetic listener the remarkable doings of the past week in Saemal. Elder Ye was greatly troubled by the news, and thought it was certainly a matter for family deliberation. Of such things he had heard all his life, but never before had anything just like this happened in his well-ordered family. It was most astonishing!

The darkening sky of early evening found the nearby members of the family in attendance. Another uncle, two more distant relatives along with Elder Ye and himself, made a goodly representation. Other members lived too far away and were too scattered to have word sent them during the short time at their disposal.

It was one of those chilly, raw nights of early spring and the five men gathered about the cozy warmth of the brazier. The light of the candle was reflected by the brass candlestick and the burnished plates of the heavy chest, which were the only furniture in the room. There was perfect housekeeping visible in the spotless cleanliness of the oil-paper floor and the brightness of the polished brass. The men tucked their feet under them in comfortable attitudes, and with the scrawling characters of the letter spread out before them filled their long-stemmed pipes from the old man's tobacco-pouch.

"The corpse stealing robbers,—dogs! They are getting altogether too bold! For my part I believe that they ought to be punished. The heads of a few such offenders hung up before the south gate of the capital would be a wholesome warning to all such in the future! That's the law." Thus spoke Ye Pilsu.

"But how?" this speaker was a swarthy faced newcomer. "Don't they take every precaution for safety? And even though you catch one or two of them, which after all might not be difficult, there is the biggest part of the gang left and the thing of most importance, the body of our brother still missing. What good would it do? It would be like binding a tiger with rotten straw rope."

"Call out the gendarmes," interrupted the first speaker, "rouse the whole country side; have the soldiers and officials out and clean up the entire bunch. Don't be easy about it, or dumb like a lot of cattle, make a fight."

"Yes, that's sooner said than done. It is not so easy to arouse soldiers and officers of the law who have these things to deal with. They will not move without a big fee for themselves and then another squeeze to each of the soldiers. Their half-hearted efforts would cost as much or more than the ransom, with that probably to pay in the end also. Oh, they are just a crowd of hungry wolves; take all and give nothing in return! I know these hounds of the law, it would be better to be in the hands of the robbers themselves!" They all looked with respect and pity at this speaker, a pale-faced sad little man who put much bitterness into his denunciation of the minions of the law.

"It would accomplish nothing, I tell you. What is to be gained by poking the nose of a sleeping tiger? But granted that they might capture some of these rogues and hang them. Even though you accomplished the punishment of a few, the larger number who are very sly and cunning, would be still free and their promise to punish the betrayer would assuredly be fulfilled. What would you gain? Your days would be numbered. If you call the officials in you might as well call your grave diggers at the same time."

"You are afraid," said Pilsu. "Just let us think for a moment how easily it could be done! Agree to their demands, and when you go to the place of meeting on the ridge have a crowd of good strong men in hiding to nab them before they know it."

"I never heard of anyone doing it in that way. That is not the ordinary method of managing things. If you try to take any one with you, no matter how secret you may be, they will know it and not appear. I have heard many say that the very spirits of evil seem to be in league with them. They are aware of every movement you make. No doubt they know that Chung Sook is here now, and all that we are discussing. They always receive the money first before they tell you

where to find the thing that's lost. There is no use in withstanding them; if you do, it will surely end in death for you and misery for us all." At mention of his name Chung Sook shivered and cast furtive, frightened glances behind him.

"Oh it isn't that I'm afraid,—not of the robbers! And yet I have considered it necessary all along that the ransom be paid. But what about the money? They ask more than I've got. You will have to help me. It is a matter in which the family must stand together, for it isn't a personal matter you see. I'm only a farmer, we are all poor and it is generally rich men that these swine go for as a rule. Certainly I can not raise 40,000 *yang* alone."

Then spoke the elder, who up to this point had said nothing in the discussion :

"Come now, Chung Sook, don't lie to us! A man who can pay down 30,000 *yang* in cash in a bargain for a *yangban* son-in-law then send rice besides to feed a family of Kims can scarcely be called poor! This is your business and it was brought about, no doubt, by a careless handling of that wedding. We give you the family aid in our advice and decision but you need not ask us for money." As the harrassed man looked into the pitiless faces about him he knew that this decision was final. There were a few minutes of quiet puffing at the pipes, then the swarthy one again took up the thread of the argument :

"This robber gang is no doubt a band of desperate fellows, as such usually are. If you try to thwart them, you pay for it with your life. You all heard of what happened last winter in Ham Kyung Province. They said it was this Ponto gang who were back of it, the most lawless, fearless, gang Korea has known for years. In that case the ransom required was so enormous that it aroused the man to fury. He claimed that it would take everything he had and leave him a pauper. So he secretly planned to catch the robbers who came for the money. This was done without much trouble, but two days later the man himself disappeared and was never heard of again. Better be a pauper than a corpse!"

Thus back and forth, pro and con, the argument waxed

hot and lasted far into the night. Then again spoke the man of authority :

"Time is passing. It would be well for you to get an early start with the dawn of to-morrow. You must yield. I have never heard of a refusal ending in anything but confusion and disaster. A true son would give all that he had to redeem his parent. Did not his voice speak to you in the fields? What clearer sign do we need that this is his will and desire in the matter. Then all will be peace and quiet again. Fear not. Do your duty as an honest son and you will be blessed by the spirits of your ancestors."

"Yes, my father, that too has been my thought from the first. But will not my family stand with me in this trouble? I have not the money, what am I to do?"

"You must get it, and you can. As I said before you brought this thing upon us by false pride and folly. Now you must pay the price!"

To remonstrate was useless, to argue folly. He knew that his uncle was right and that if he created a breach with the family it would only mean that he would be cast out and disowned, disgraced. The two wayfarers made good time on the return trip and early the morning of the second day they arrived at the sea-girt rocks of the familiar coast not a great distance from their home village. Ye did not plan to go directly home, however, as would have been natural. Instead, he turned his course directly towards the surf line on the beach. The Gray Friend was not a little displeased and disappointed at this turn of affairs. In fact he tried hard to take the bit in his teeth and make for the comfortable stable and hot bean-mash that he knew would be waiting for him. It took several severe commands and cruel blows from his master to convince him that they were not going to those pleasures yet for awhile. With a despondent droop to his soft, long ears and a look of feeling very tired as well as much abused, he was compelled by the same hand to wait for long weary hours in a lonely ravine whose throat opened to the sea. There his master left him alone till he went off on some kind of a secret mission. Strain his eyes and ears as

he might he could see nothing, and hear nothing but the surge and swish of the long line of sea. After what seemed an age there was heard the dipping of an oar, nearer and nearer it came and then the faithful watcher gave a great bray of delight and welcome as he recognized the occupant of the tiny craft. But what is this? Not to go home yet it would seem. For after lifting a great heavily loaded sack to his saddle he turned his head again to the north. As he walked he held this cumbersome thing in place while they trudged some distance further along the sandy beach. Before the turn of the tide it was necessary that he reach a certain little cavern, a secret hiding place, which lay among the rocks and sands of the sea not far from the ridge of pines that shaded his father's tomb.

(To be Continued).

BOOK REVIEW.

Foreign Missions Conference of North America.:—The volume of almost 500 pages reporting the proceedings of the 25th annual session contains so much of value concerning missionary work in all lands, and the subjects treated are so varied, that it should be found in the library of every person wishing the latest information on missionary questions. With 325 in attendance, and a free discussion of papers presented, it is difficult to see how so much could be accomplished in three days. The report of the Committee of Reference and Counsel including the reports of a number of sub-committees, Missions and Governments, Principles and Methods of Administration, Finance and Headquarters, Cultivation of the Home Church, Medical Missions, Missionary Research Library, and Opium and Drug Traffic in Far East, presents the activities of the Executive Committee of the Council for the entire year. The Religious Needs of Anglo-American Communities on the mission field are discussed by a committee which assists in securing pastors for English-speaking churches, and providing part of the funds for their support and travel expenses. Six of these churches are here in the East, at Manila, Hankow, Peking, Yokohama, Kobe and Tokyo. The need of radical changes in methods of Missionary Preparation was discussed, and like several other very important questions was referred to the Committee of Reference and Counsel. Papers on the salaries of missionaries and on mission statistics contain some very interesting material. Dr. O. R. Avison, of Severance Medical College, Seoul, so forcefully presented the present needs of Medical Mission work that a motion was passed which is hoped to accomplish something for the medical situation even before the close of the war. The book will be wanted by many who are not missionaries, or connected with missionary work, and can be obtained of Committee of Reference and Counsel, 25 Madison Avenue, New York. Price 50 cents.

